

IS RICHNESS





Are through taking their Annual Inventory in all departments, and are making Reductions on nearly Two Hundred Thousand Dollars worth of the Already Cheapest Dry Goods in Omaha. THE PUBLIC can make \$25,000 by investing in the goods to be placed, to-morrow, on BARR'S Counters at Reductions specially made for their

Grand Annual Stock-Taking Sale, Open this Week BARR'S RELY UPON UPON THEIR REPUTATION, and WILL LET THIS BONANZA SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Linen Derartment,

50 8x10 genuine Turkey Ret Table Covers, frinced, \$1.5; worth \$2.5; 200 yards 64-inch half blenched Table Demask, 330 yards 64-iich half blenched Table Damask, Be; worth 52-inch half blenched Table Damask, 40c; worth 90c. 10 dozen 27334 inch fine Huck Towels, Se each; worth 90c. 40 dozen extra size Turkish Towels, 12c cach worth 30c. This linen sale speaks for itself.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Hosiery Department.

25 dozen ladies' all wool ribbed hose, in black and colors, regular price also a pair; on Mon-day, Idea pair.

Ladies' all wool hose, Derby ribbed, in colors only, 3/c a pair; 3 pair for \$1.

Ladies' black canhinere hose, regular made 35c a pair; worth 50.

Ladies' Jersey fitting vests, in white, pink and scarlet, warranted non-shrinking, \$1 each; regular price \$1,25.

regular price \$1.25.
We have a few suits in ladies' camel's hair and medicated Scarlet Vests, regular price \$1.25 and \$1.53; price on Monday to close \$1.26ch.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Handkerchief Department. 50 dozen Gent's Printed Linen Handkerchiefs, 12'est worth 25c. 30 dozen Ladies' Printed Linen Handkerchiefs.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Print Department. Good Calicos, just like bread and butter, cheese and sugar, no money in them at any time of year, but just at this time we are willing to lose allttle money on them. Best Standard Calicus, ac per yard. Apron Check Ginghums, such per yard. Splendio Lrees Cinghous, Such per yard. DON'T MISS LT.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

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Lave's Blanket Department. 25 10-4 Grey Plankers, \$1,00 each, 50 large size Chintz Comforts, \$1,00 each, Big bargain in fue California Biankers, Lap Robes and Edger Downs,

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Millinery Department Imported Hats and Bonnets reduced to one-third of the original cost. Triumed Hats and Bonnets reduced from \$12 Felt Hais, all colors and shapes, f. c. were \$1.25. Children's Trimmed Hats, Sec ea h; were \$1.50. Wings, Birds and Feathers at haif piles. This is better for you than any old stock.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Flamed Department.

4 pieces All Wool Scarlet Flamed, the per vard;

50 pieces 21-inch Balf Wool Tycnon Reis, to:

10 pieces 21-inch Pure Wool Scarlet Medicated

Twilled Flamed, ITye; reduced from 26.

7 pieces 21-inch Shirting and Skirting Flames,

In plaids and stripes, 22-je; reduced from 26.

4 objeces 25-inch Shirting and Skirting Flames,

In plaids and stripes, 22-je; reduced from 26.

4 objeces 25-inch Shirting and Skirting Flames,

In plaids and stripes, 22-je; reduced from 81.0.

5 pieces 25-inch Shirting and Skirting Flames,

In plaids and stripes, 22-je; reduced from 81.0.

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In plaids and stripes, 22-je; reduced from 81.0.

5 pieces Repley's Pure Silk Warp Henricita,

5 pi

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

At 5c per yard-130 yards. Torchon Lace, '4 to 25 dozen Gents' Gentine Scotch Wool Gloves, 114 Inches wide, worth 8t,c and 10c, at we per 25c; worth 30c.

At se per yard.—1239 yards Tor hon Lace, '\$ to 185 Berles wide, worth \$8 is and 10c, at se per yard.

At se per yard.—1231 yards Hamburg Embroidery 1c, to 2 inches while, worth 10c, to 5c per yard.

At 5c per yard.—1231 yards Hamburg Embroidery 1c, to 2 inches while, worth 10c, to 5c per yard.

At 5c per yard.—1251 yards Hamburg Embroidery 1c, to 2 inches while, worth 10c, to 5c per yard.

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At 5c per yard.—1251 yards Hamburg Embroidery 1c, to 2 inches while, worth 5c, to 5c per pair, worth 5c, for 2 per yard at Barr's Lace Department.

Shirts and Drawers, \$1.25 each; worth \$1.5c.

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Substitute 1c, to 5c per pair, worth 5c, to 5c per pair, worth 5c, to 5c per pair, worth 5c.

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Shirts and Drawers, \$1.25 each; worth \$1.5c.

Substitute 1c, to 5c per pair, worth 5c, to 5c p At 5c per yard - 95d yards Hamburg Embroid-ery, 19- to 2 inches while, worth 19, for 5c per yard. St pieces fine Dress-trimming Ginps, in all the most desirable cotors, worth see, for the per yard at Barr's Lace Department.

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's Black Goods Department. 10 dozen Balsam Fir Phlows, 25c; reduced to the

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

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Barr's Gents' Faraishing Dep't.

Barr's Notion Department.

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Barr's Glove Department.

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Barr's Silk Department.

Barr's Black Goods Department.
Will offer Monday morning some extraordinary bargains in I lack Goods. These goods were not bought for a special sale, but the less goods taken from our regular stock, and the prices entinews. Any one in need of filack Goods should not miss this opportunity.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

I place a cyter fine. All Went French Sateen at

STOCK-TAKING BARGAINS

Barr's House Faraishing Dap't. Anoddlot of Country Sars at less half price, 2 sector and the first and Country that half price, 500 Coulon Sars at the one's

BY ORDERING immediately, through our mail order department, you can secure the same bargains as if here in person. All goods delivered free of express charges for 48 miles. Send us your name if you wish our catalogue.

BARR'S ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING SALE. Don't Niss the Bargains 16th and Douglas Streets, Omaha.

HUMAN BURNT OFFERINGS.

Gloated Over By Fiendish Indians in Arizona.

A SOLDIER'S TRAGIC DEATH.

In Company With a Stoical Guide He is Burned at the Stake-Horrible Tortures Indicted on the Victims.

Fortunes of the Stake.

CACHISE, Ariz., Jan. .- [Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]-It has fallen to my unlucky lot to chronicle one of the most horrible and revolting incidents of all our Indian wars-the burning to death of a private soldier by a band of Chiricahua Apaches on the desert plains of Arizona during the internecine strife that was carried on by the government against that truculent savage king, Cochise during the years '72 and '76.

The story, which is vouched for in the minutest particulars, and which is on record among the archives of the war department, was related to me yesterday, by a well known and popular officer of the army, whose name is withheld at his urgent request, as the terrible experience I am about to relate was partly a personal one, and he desires no undue notoriety at this late day. Cochise, it will be remembered by the

readers of the daily papers of ten years ago, was the king of the Apaches, the fiercest, most bloodthirsty and war-like of all the red nations beyond the Mississippi. There is no denying it, this barbarous chieftain was really a re-markable man, the superior of Tecumseh, and the equal of Pontine or King Philip. He was determined and brave to recklessness, intensely sagacious, a wonderful fertility and invention. was cruel, treacherous and vindictive. and carried on his warfare against the white settlers with the remorselessness of a fiend. There was nothing chivalrous about him-on all so hapless as to fall into his hands were inflicted the

most atrocious barbarities his devilish mind could conceive. For years, ever since he had reached the period of manhood, when through inheritance he became the controlling chief of the Apaches, Cochise had wage a bloody and successful strife against all the white emigrants to the territory of Arizona. He had sworn upon his life and the reputation of his people, that we believe the control of th should erect his lodge within sight of the Chiricahua mountains that overlooked the hunting grounds of the Apaches from the days further back than history runneth, and, up to the date of the commencement of the final war, his oath had been kept inviolate. Scores of venturesome settlers had pen-trated these proscribed limits for silver or permanent residence only to find their graves there, for Cochise was as watchful as an eagle, and the horrible

butcheries written up against his name The forces of the United States had not infrequently been sought to subvert the reign of the fApache king, and many sanguinary encounters took place. but he maintained his impregnable position among the ghostly and unex-plored recesses of the serrated Chiri-cahuas against every attempt to dis-

lodge him, and sent the disciplined together, but not until they had killed commencing at the calves of his legs COSSIP OF THE CREEN ROOM other society actrophers and designated flying several Indians. They had essayed to troops, crippled and decimated, flying back to the forts along the Missouri and the Platte. He laughed in diabolical exultation at the frantic retreats of his blue-conted enemies. All such undertakings only resulted in rich harvests of blood, plunder and scalps for the wild myrmidons of the fierce Apache

But so much for Cochise. In July 1874, a band of marauding Apache: stampeded a lot of government stock at Fort Larned, on the Zuni river. General Schofield was in command of the department then and ordered immedi ate pursuit, and a troop of cavalry under Captain Ralston-I will call him by that name-started after the bold red skins, guided by a Mojave scout, known to the soldiers as Hassabotch.

For two days they rode hard, unremittingly almost, and yet it was a long distance to the Chiricahuas, but from the numerous indications, Captain Ralston knew that the ponies of the Indians were sorely jaded and he was confident of overhauling them somewhere upon the broad desert of the Gila. If such were not the case the only alternative for them was to leave the dangerous territory in all haste, ere Cochise could marshal his faithful brayes. To be hemmed in amidst the grum Chiricahuis by the Apaches meant nothing short of total annihilation to the valiant At last the Gila desert was reached

and expecting to shortly overhaul the enemy, the cavalry, with Captain Ralston and Hassobotch at their head struck boldly out upon the arid waste. About noonday they reached a stunted chaparral of scraggy cactus, acacia and crossote, and drawing rein were slowly jogging around it, when suddenly they were brought to a halt.

Away to the southward a body of mounted men were seen approaching. They were Indians-there was no disputing that point, but whether Apaches, or a war party of some other nomadic tribe, hostile to the Apaches, and not the government, Hossobotch as yet could not determine. He could see their stellated lance-heads glistening in the sunshine, their feathered crests rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, and their long hair and gaudy ratment flaunting in the summer

breeze. They rode promiscuously, following the lead of a single warrior, who, when he reached a point several hundred yards from the motionless and statuesque figures of the cavalrymen, uttered the well-known Chiricahua shout of

With the ringing alarm cry of his nation Hassabotch unslung his carbine, and standing almost erect in his stirrups, and without waiting for a command to fire, sent a ball among the advancing throng. A prolonged shriek came from the Apache party, and a riderless mustang, kicking up his heels and snorting wildly, dashed from out the line as his master writhed in his death-throes on the desert sands.

Of course the result was a pitched battle, and to abbreviate, it is not necessary to state that the cavalry were routed with heavy losses. The Apaches seemed to spring out of the ground, and had the soldiers dared contend with them longer their fate would have been total annihilation.

As it was, some ten or twelve were killed, and Captain Ralston, a private seldier, named Vorys, and Hassabotch, the Mojave, were taken prisoners. knocked Captain Ralston was knocked from his horse by a rifle ball that struck him in the side, producing, however, but a slight wound. He made no resistance when the Chiricahuas ran

escape, but both their horses were shot rom under them, and for a full half hour they kept the fierce Apaches off.

The Chiricahuas were in a delirium of excitement, and dismounting, it seemed as if nothing short of tearing the helpless Mojave and the soldier limb from limb would allay their terrible animosity. However, the chieftain no less a personage than Cochise himself, ordered a consultation, which ended with the foreseen result-they were to suffer instant death-to be burned to a crisp, then and there! Captain Ralston, bound hand and

near these terrible scenes, and was compelled to witness them to their He said that it would be impossible for him to convey a suitable idea of the demoniac eestacy with which Cochise's edict was received by his ferocious and

foot, was moved to a convenient place

vindictive followers. The desert air was made to resound with their unearthly yells and shouts of savage joy, and in less than half an hour from the capture, two short black stakes were driven firmly in the sands and Hassabotch and Vorys stripped of all clothing, were fastened securely to them with thongs of buffalo hide.

Then, for a brief space of time, every Apache was busy gathering the dead cactus and acacia stalks, which abounded plentifully there, never resting until huge piles were heaped about their naked victims.

After this had all been accomplished Cochise gave that peculiar shrill war scream of his people, and the Apaches flourishing their guns, knives and tom-ahawks, began their torture dance. Brave after brave fell into the whirling multitude, until the entire war party was numbered in its dizzy mazes. spectacle," said Captain Ralston, "was one of wildest terror. The flendish countenances of those infuriated and maddeaed beings receiving additional ferocity from the appalling discord in which they mingled their unholy

"Poor Vorys, he screamed in frantic horror, prayed and begged them to spare his life, then to shoot him, for a while, but finally his voice died away despairing moan and I doubt whether he was ever conscious after that.

Suddenly Cochise gave a single short whoop, that rang above all the deafening clamor, and caused an immediate cessation of the horrid orgies of his warriors. Stooping he deftly lighted the piles heaped about the forms of Vorys and the red scout, who at this moment began to chant the weird and chilling death song of his nation.

"Greedily the yellow flames began to creep up through the interstices of the cactus stalks toward their prey, who stood seemingly as unmoved as, images carved from stone, Vorys insensible, l believe, to the torments, and the Mojave heroically chanting in lugubrious tones the song that told he knew that there was no escape from death.
"It was indeed a horrible spectacle

the fires growing brighter and fiercer and throwing the shadows of the halfnaked Apaches in grotesque shapes far over the desert, as they leaped and danced and screamed in wildest delight and exultation around their suffering "That lonely spot upon the great desert of the Gila appeared like some

ungodly arena or pandemonium, where the attendants of Satan had assembled to perform their wicked and infernal "A scene of terrible torture soon

began. The frenzied Apaches heated the steel barbs of their lances red-hot Hassabotch and Vorys were taken in the seething fire and sent them deep

and continuing to his neck. "Some discharged loads of powder into his naked flesh, as they did also into Vorys, who, in all probability, had been scared to death by this time, as he never uttered a sound or made a move, and they left him for Hassabotch. They would snatch up the burning cactus stalks and apply them to his legs, arms, face and breast, and in a few moment his whole form was black and blistered in the most sickening manner, and yet. despite this unutterable excruciation. the Mojave never once cried for mercy but continued his awful chant of death

until all was over. "This horrible torment was kept up for the period of an hour, and Hassa-botch and Vorys were burned out of all semblance of humanity.

"Vorys was certainly dead long before that relief came to the Mojave, but his nerves finally lost their sensibility, and he no longer shrunk from the fire brands applied to his body.

"But at last his indomitable spirit uccumbed, and with a piteous mean he sank to the earth, among the ashes and lowing embers of his funeral pyre. Then as if the demon of hades were rejoicing over the brutal dead, the Apaches renewed their dissonant clamor, and again began their devilish antics about the dying warrier. "But the horrible, soul-chilling work

was all over at last, and poor Vorys and Hassabotch, whose faultless forms, had, not more than an hour or two before. gloried in the exurberance of health and strength, by lifeless upon the desert-a mass of hot, scorched, steaming and hideous flesh! Captain Ralston was driven that night

and the next day to the Apache stronghold within the Mogollon mountains. but was ransomed by the government after a short imprisonment. The name of the private soldier who

perished so miserably was afterward ascertained to be Henry E. Vorys. He formerly lived on a farm near Canal Winchester. O., enlisting in the army at Columbus, March 18, 1878.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Relieves indigestion, dyspepsia, etc.

Realism in Religion. "Johnny" said the minister to the lad who got 10 cents for attending to the respiratory apparatus of the church organ, "It ain't proper that the worldly

minded should have all the advantage.

"No, sir," said Johnny vaguely. "It ain't right that the dance hall should have all the cheerful music, No. SIF."

"Neither is it right that the theatre should have all the redifire and calcium light, is it?" "That being settled I propose to in-

augurate a new era in the dissemina-tion of the gospel. No. Johnny, take this tin pan and put it down in the cel-When I come to the passage todescribing the yawning gates of the bottomless pit and the blue flames describing the caping from the seething sulphur, you just touch a match to the contents that pan. That yellow stuff is the genuine article of sulphur, and when the mell begins to work up through the floor, it'll do more soul-saving than three weeks' revival meetings. Now be three weeks' revival meetings. careful, Johnny, for you've got a heap of moral responsibility on your shoul-

The use of Angostura Bitters excitethe appetite and keeps the digestive ors gans in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers.

Fact and Fancy Sketches of Stage and Foyer.

BOOTH-BARRETT. ARRANGEMENT

A Romantic Life-Young Mrs. Blaine and the Card She Will Be-An-

nie Pixtey's New Kiss Act

Booth-Barrett Arrangements.

Chicago Tribune: Mr. Lawrence Barrett proposes to bring out in Chiago next October a new play by an Illinois author. The piece (as at present named) is "The Heir of Roncesthe writer is Mr. William Young, who is known as the author of "The Rajah," "Pendragon," and "The House of Mauprat." Mr. Booth will temporarily dissolve their artistic partnership, but the finan-cial one will continue. Mr. Booth, at the same time, will open in New York in "Macbeth," and it is expected that Mme. Modjeska will share the honors with him as Lady Macbeth. This, nowever, is doubtful. At the close of Mr. Barrett's Chicago engagement he will take his new play (if successful) to New York, and the Broadway theater, Mr. Booth and Mme. Modjeska will go on a tour.

A Romantic Life. Chicago Tribune: A floating item ays that Mme. Janisch is in an insane asylum in Vienna-a sad end for one who was once the petted comedy queen of that city. Chicago theatrical people knew her well. About four years ago she played in German with Herr Bandmann at McVicker's. She was told of the fortune made by foreign actresses studying English, which she rapidly acquired. Manager Hamil quired. Manager Hamlin seriously considered starring her at the time. Manager Henderson also took an interest in her. She went to Mme. Modjeska, who recommended Harry sargent as a manager. Mme. Janisch af terward accused the Polish actress of having ruined her career at the outset. by this advice, as Sargent was penuiless. She attributed Mme. Modjeska's act to jealousy, which, of course was

Mme. Janisch went from one misfor-

ridiculous.

tune to another, no less than five managers successively trying their luck with her. She easily induced people to back her, particularty rich women whom she could somehow fascinate. Once she left America in disgust, but was hired back by a speculative manager only to meet failure once more. Her insanity is attributed to her financial troubles. It is more likely that it was due to morphine, which she ate habitually. A strange career, hers. lar idol, in middle life the wife of Count Von Arco, an Austrian nobleman who is at this day prominent in the diplomatic corps at Washington. That marriage was in every way unhappy. The actress was practically exiled with a pension. There could be no divorce, for husband and wife were Roman Catnolics. Gossips said of Countess D'Arco that she was luxurious, selfish, mercenary and careless of what sorrow she brought the families of her victims. If this be true, she has explated her ill doing. Her descent from splendor was

now dying in an asylum. Young Mrs. Blaine. Chicago Times: Mrs. Blaine is the

was as sudden as her rise. A street waif

at the beginning of her career, she is

Some one said the other day when her prospects were being dis-cussed: "If they would give her a boy's part, put her in a picturesque masculine costume, and let her sing tenor, she'd make \$500,000." For Mrs. Blaine is a vocal phenomenon. It is not very

uncommon to see a man able to sing a falsetto soprano, every minstrel com-pany has one or more, but a woman able to sing a true tenor is very uncommon, and Mrs. Blaine can do it and do it well. She is handsome, too; tall, blonde, well made, and with a certain dash and gallantry of manner that would go well with a male part, and would beyond a doubt attract. of her managers and backers said shrewdly: "There is no sense

in playing the ace when you've got the king and queen in your hand. The tenor voice and the masculine dress are all very well in their turn, but what's the use of throwing away the value of the sympathy justly due her because of that young scapegrace's brutality to her: Let that work first. She doesn't want to play in comedy new; she says her experience of life has been so hard and cruel that she can't play anything but tragedy. And that's very well for the present. Perhaps she doesn't consider but it's true nevertheless, that when she weeps on the stage the audience will remember that she is a mother of nineteen and a mother abandoned by her natural protector, and they'll wee with her. That's worth a lot of money When that is over, why it will be ful time to work up to the use of her per sonal and vocal advantages."

Meanwhile Mrs. Blaine works like a yellow-haired galley slave under Be-laseo's tuition, and he, when he isn't teaching, is writing a play in which she will possibly appear in the spring.

Annie Pixley's New Kiss Act. Pittsburg Dispatch: Miss Annie Pixley gives an invitation to the newsboys in Pittsburg everey time she comes there to act. The other night the galery of the Grand opera house was packed as full as it could be with the To mark their gratitude to her, the

newsies clubbed together and bought a big bouquet. One of their number was chosen to make the presentation, and he went out on the great stage with a blacking-box on his back and the big posey in his hand. The bow he gave with the bouquet made Miss Pixley laugh, but she didn't forget to make her usual request of her small admirer. kiss. Last year she had difficulty in stearing the salute, and for a moment it looked as if the deadlock would occur again, but, by a fine stroke of strategy. Miss Pixley caught the boy and kissed him before he knew where His companions in the gallery ap plauded enviously.

Coquelin on American Audiences. Phitadelphia Press: I have been particularly pleased to find that American audience have come to see us, have applauded us, and then have come again o see us, despite the fact that we have offered them no elaborate stage decorations or mountings. Our scenery has seen of the simplest, or costumes simply such as have helped to portray more fully the characters represented. I think the tendency to over elaboration of scenery and over gorgeousness of costuming is, from what I hear, as apparent in this country as on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is a tendency which I consider contains an element of danger for the drama. Not that I would counsel a return to the rude simplicity of earlier generations in respect—far from it. I this con sider that historical correctnes-of costumes is often an essentias

that narmoniously minted scenery is always an advantage o the actors, but I think the danger lies in the aestroying of the proper relationship between the scenery and stage mounting and the acting. The latter s essential, all else is subordinate. Nowadays I am afraid there is a tendency to sacrifice the actor to his surroundings; he is merely used as a foil to beautiful scenery or as a lay figure on which lovely costumes can be ex-hibited, and I was not a little afraid that when we appeared with our commonplace stage settings our audiences would find something lacking. They might be pleased with our acting, but they would demand something in addition. Luckily I found my fears chimerical, and I feel and my comrades feel that such ecomiums as we have earned have been bestowed on us as actors, and we value them as such more highly than any poor words of mine will ex-

press. Mario as a Stage Lover. Argonaut:-About 1850 the famous enor Mario was at St. Petersburg singing in a company which numbered, among others, Lablache and his daughter, then only a girl, but who afterward

became the celebrated Mdlle. De Caters One day, in some opera, and during the usual duo of passion, to her amazement and indignation she heard Mario, while she sung alone, whisper so low that the words reached only her own cars, cara! Min bella! Ama me! Io t'adoro!" So offended was she that after leaving the stage she refused to listen to the tenor's explanation, and refused to sing with him again. Some days afterward, however, from the wings she heard Mario sing the same duo, and this time with a very ugly woman, who had assumed the abandoned role. Again did the tenor fill in his "rests" same impassioned whispers - "Mia cara! to t'adore!" Then she understood. The ourning avowals were only a moans of keeping himself on train of retaining the emotion necessary for the continuonce of his role.

In Hard Luck.

Sun: Anton Rubinstein is in trouble. The ezar of Russia has commanded him to compose an oratorio on the recent crat and his wife nearly lost their lives. This is a subject to which only the late Richard Wagner, among all musicians, could have done justice. The shrick of the locomotive, the crash when the train left the track, the cries of the wounded and dying and the wail of the ezar's perishing dog would have offered to Wagner splendid themes for orchestration of a weird and peculiar kind. What Rubinstein will do with his task is an interesting problem.

Whittier's Infernal Machine. Worcester Spy: Not long after the close of the war of the rebellion a small but heavy box came by express from Lookout mountain to the poet's home, then in Amesbury. When the cover was removed a peculiar array of iron points was visible. His niece, who was a dearly beloved adopted daughter. eried out in terror: "Oh, Uncle Greenleaf, don't touch it! It's some dreadful explosive thing those southerners have sent to kill you! Don't touch it!" To pacify her it was buried deep in the garden. The next day's mail brought a letter from a friend, saying he had sent an inkstand quaintly modeled from southern balis and northern bullets picked up from the famous Tennessee battle field. From its ignominious burial it was resurrected to a post of honor on the poet's antique desk, and still graces the garden room.